Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worſe then a cup of ſacke with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies, old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there liues not 3. good men vnhangd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I ſay: I would I were a weauer, I could ſing Pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prince. How now Wolſacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*.

Prin. Why, you horſon round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer mee to that, and *Poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would giue a thouſand pound I could runne as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue mee them that will face me, giue me a cup of ſacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all cowards ſtill, ſay I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? heere bee foure of vs, haue tane a thouſand pound this morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Iacke*, where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe ſword with a dozē of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the Hoſe,

Hoſe, my buckler cut thorow and t
like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I neue
man, all would not do. A plague of all
if they ſpeake more or leſſe then tru
the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it?

Roſſ. We foure ſet vpon a dozen.

Falſ. Sixteene at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſſ. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not boun

Falſ. You rogue, they were bounc
am a *Iew* elſe, an Hebrew *Iew*.

Roſſ. As we were ſharing, ſome 6. o

Falſ. And vnbound the reſt, and th

Prin. What, fought ye with them a

Falſ. All? I know not what you c
with fifty of them, I am a bunch of F
two or three and fifty vpon poore old
leg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you haue not murt

Fal. Nay that's paſt praying for
them: Two I am ſure I haue payed,
ſutes: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell th
mee Horſe: thou knoweſt my old wo
bore my point: fore rogues in Buckro

Prin. What, foure? thou ſaidſt but t

Fal. Foure *Hal*. I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; hee ſaid foure.

Fal. Theſe foure came all afront, an
I made no more adoe, but tooke al
Target, thus:

Prin. Seuen? why there were but fo

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom ſutes.

Fal. Seuen, by theſe Hilts, or I am a

Prin. Pre thee let him alone, wee ſha

Falſ. Doeſt thou heare mee, *Hall*.

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iacke*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7)